

## Two of Cups

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# Two of Cups

by [teeth\\_eater](#)

## Summary

Okay. So maybe falling in love with a god that only appears in his dreams is not a traditional relationship, but her hands are really warm okay?

Or, Phil and Kristin talk after the events of If It Bleeds.

## Notes

strongly reccomend reading if it bleeds before this at least, and hey, since I'm adversting, check out human error while you're at it.

no warnings, its real sweet.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Phil sleeps, he dreams.

He didn't always, or at least, he didn't remember his dreams in nearly as much vivid detail. They didn't feel so real that he woke up with a smile.

Now, he dreams of a woman who he loves dearly. She may be a god, or simply an incredibly powerful spirit. Phil has never thought to ask, honestly. He loves her all the same.

Tonight, he has drifted off in the nest that he's built in the med bay to keep a close eye on Tommy, to make sure his good health *stays* good. He has not dreamt of his wife in a few days, she's felt his exhaustion and has let his sleep be a true one, not wanting to keep him awake. Phil misses her greatly, but he's not going to bemoan the extra rest.

Tonight, though, she seems to have decided that he's rested long enough, because when he opens his eyes he's sitting at the helm of his ship and staring out at the inky blackness of space ahead of him, dotted with tiny, beautiful stars.

And then space is not so empty, as a finger as long as he is tall comes up to tap on the glass. Phil stands immediately and walks to the hatch, now aware he is dreaming, wings fluffing happily. He pushes the hatch open, unafraid of the cold void of space. He's dreaming, and even if he wasn't Kristin wouldn't let him get hurt.

He flutters upwards, standing on the hull of the ship, and looks down. Kristin drifts underneath the ship, floating in the vastness lazily.

"Hello angel," She calls, voice echoing unnaturally.

"Hello, my lady," Phil calls back before jumping from the hull. He makes no move to spread his wings, and sure enough, he is caught in gentle hands. She laughs, the most beautiful sound in the world.

"Oh titles," She complains, drawing her cupped hands up to her face and pressing a kiss to the top of his head. Phil laughs, taking his hat off.

"Oy! Cut that out you're gonna get lipstick all over me," He chuckles.

"Isn't it worth it?" Kristin asks with a teasing smile.

"Yes," Phil says, voice warm.

"Has anyone ever told you you're a sap?" Kristin hums, laying on her back and setting Phil down on her stomach.

"You, every time I see you," Phil says, sitting down and spreading his wings. It's nice to have the space to stretch his wings, the ship is oftentimes too small to open them fully. Kristin must see this, and brings a hand up to rub gentle circles at the spot where his wing meets his back. Phil melts immediately, laying on his stomach and rumbling happily. Kristin chuckles, running a featherlight finger along the delicate bone spanning through his wing. Phil knows if he were to look up he'd see fascination lighting up her dark eyes. She rarely gets to interact physically with living creatures, so Phil lets her pinch the tip of his wing and slowly fold and unfold it, fascinated. He will tell her if she bends anything too far, enough to hurt him. She almost never does, endlessly gentle.

They lay there in silence for a long time, listening to the rumbling of space that surrounds them. Phil lets his wife mess with his wings and ruffle his feathers, soothed by the fact that she's here with him.

"You saved him, didn't you?" Phil asks after a long while. Kristin hums thoughtfully, and he feels it buzz throughout his entire body.

"In a way," She says, voice distant, like she's thinking. "I helped, but I can only hold off death for so long, and to keep him alive while his body dies around him would be a different kind of cruelty, no matter how much you love him."

"I would never ask that of you," Phil says quickly. It's true. Kristin smiles fondly and presses a gentle finger to the top of his head.

"I know you wouldn't, my angel." She says. "If you had waited any longer..."

She trails off. She has no need to finish her sentence, they both know what she was going to say.

"We got lucky," Phil says. He shakes out his wings in barely masked agitation. "I don't know how many times that's going to happen."

"I will be there when things go south," She says with a hum.

"We know nothing about human medicine," Phil says with a restless click. "If he gets something like this again and we don't catch it in time-"

"I know," Kristin says, voice rumbling with something deeply sad. She nudges him with a finger, knocking him over and making him laugh despite himself. "I may have an idea for

that."

Phil perks up immediately, getting back to his feet with no small amount of difficulty on the uneven surface.

"What?"

"Give me your necklace, hon." She says, reaching out a finger for him to place the chain on. He hesitates, hand going to cover the glass gem.

"But-"

"I'll be careful," She assures. Phil relaxes, he trusts his wife. He takes the necklace off and sets it on her hand. It rolls into the crease of her palm and she draws her hand up to her face and presses a kiss to the gem.

When she hands it back to him, it's glowing with a steady, red light.

"What did you do?" Phil asks, voice low with awe.

"Just a simple blessing," She sighs, making Phil laugh at the idea of something being directly enchanted by a god as anything *simple*. "It will glow with his life force. If he grows weaker, gets injured or sick, the light will dim. He won't be able to hide his illnesses."

Phil dangles the necklace in front of his face, watching the light swirl in the stone. He lifts it back over his head and feels the stone settle right beside one of his hearts. The glass feels warm against his skin.

"Thank you," He says, voice quiet. Reverent. His wife smiles, her eyes crinkle up in the corners.

"Anything for you," She whispers, pressing a kiss to his face that takes up the entirety of his head. The elytrain laughs at the awkward angle, but freezes when the world around them warps for a moment. Kristin frowns and looks to the sky.

"You're waking up, hon." She says with a small frown. "I think your kids are fighting."

"Of course," Phil mutters, though he can't help the fondness from creeping into his voice.

"I'll see you tomorrow night, if you can actually manage to get some sleep." She teases.

"You try managing this crew and see how you rest,"

" *You* try managing the interweavings of life and death," She snarks back, nudging his hat with her fingertip.

"I'd rather not have my mind be broken, thank you," Phil says.

"I prefer your mind to be whole as well, yes." She says. "Now go tend to your flock."

A pillow hits him square in the face, and he jolts upwards, wings rumped.

"Oh great, you woke up Phil," Wilbur snarks.

"You were the one who started throwing pillows," Tommy shrieks back from where he sits in his bed.

"No pillow fights in the medbay," Phil says, voice slurred with sleep.

"Sorry Phil," The two say in unison, though Phil doesn't miss the way Tommy gets an extra whack in on Wilbur while he thinks Phil isn't looking. Wilbur doesn't react, gaze honed in on Phil, tail swishing curiously.

"Did you change the lights in here?" Wilbur asks.

"Not recently," Phil says, not sure where Wilbur is going with this. "Why?"

"Your necklace is... like, glowing." Wilbur says, taking a step forward.

"Oh yeah, it is!" Tommy chimes in. Phil looks down, lifting the gem, and sure enough, there is a strong red light swirling in the core of the stone.

"So it is." Phil says softly, voice warm.

Despite the lack of any drafts in space, a warm breeze blows through the rooms, ruffling Tommy and Wilbur's hair and knocking Phil's hat askew. He doesn't try to fix it.

## End Notes

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